5/20/71

Dear Congressman Conyers,

It strikes me as strange that not one of the Members for whom I left copies of FRAME-UP with you has asked a secretary to send me even a pro forma thank you note. Especially not one of the black members.

I'd appreciate it if you could check and see if there has been another slipup.

One the one side I've been greated by silence, on the other by the gathering forces of reaction, some with "liberal" tags, like the "reviewer" for the Sunday Times book review, formerly DJ Criminal Division, etc., and currently author of an official apology on the Angela Davis case - for the USIA.

I have not lost and will not lose my interest in this case and what it means and represents. However, it is but one facet of a much larger work on which I have been engaged. The same principles, the same issues, the same dangers and evil potential is in all aspects.

However, if in ten weeks, not one voice but mine has been raised in any significant way and only one in any way, and that a fine gesture, I have to ask myself if expecting any help is a futility. When a book languishes for so long and then become subject to a coordinated attack, it requires close to a miracle to do anything for it or what I hoped would mean something to the so-many silent, its content.

When I consider further than no single audience, black or white, has asked to hear a single word from the only voice that has been raised as mine has about Dr. King's assassination, I am deeply troubled. About how he is remembered (should I say if?), about his dream, and about his words:

"He who passively accepts evil is as much involved in it as he who helps perpetuate it. He who accepts evil without protesting against it is really cooperating with it..."

I do not address these words to you. I state them as a simple philosophy in which I believe and by which I live. You know my fears on this score, for we discussed them.

Should you or any other Member, black or white, want anything of me, you need only ask. Meanwhile, when no Member has sought me out, when no one has spoken out, when it is clear that nobody wants to hear me, that no single black radio station or publication of any kind has made a single inquiry of me, I have to understand it as I do. I have begun work on another book. Not because I believe it will relive my poverty. Simply because I believe it must be done.

I do appreciate what you tried with Jesse Jackson. Should any similar occasion come up, for the next month the only commitment I now have that I cannot break is for the rest of next week beginning the 27th.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg